The Pillow

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12372789.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Mpreg, Omega Hannibal, Alpha Will Graham, Knotting, Domestic Fluff, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Hannibal is Hannibal, Murder Family, My baby!!!
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Omega Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2017-10-15 Words: 953 Chapters: 1/1

The Pillow

by TCbook

Summary

12 pillows over the bed and counting.

Notes

Hello everyone! There's another part of this omega Hannibal series <3 this one is before Abby, sort of.

Hoping you all like it.

All my eternal love to my lovely beta @victorine

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Подушка by Krayn_Aletale

Hannibal knew his body. He knew what was happening since the second week when he started to feel nausea in the mornings, how the smells and scents were deeper, increased. He wanted to wait until the third month to tell Will, to be sure the baby would stay there and he wouldn't have a miscarriage or find it was some kind of phantom pregnancy due to his age. But his body and mind decided otherwise.

Will started to notice how in the last few weeks the number of pillows over his bed started to increase by one or two a week. "Decoration," Hannibal said when he looked at them laying over the bed in a half circle form. The last time they were in the department store Hannibal bought blankets, twelve types of them, all high quality, soft and heavy. Just then something made sense inside of Will.

Hannibal was nesting.

The alpha decided to start profiling his husband in their domestic lives as soon he got home from work. He saw how the living room was slowly getting filled with boxes of blankets bought online, and more pillows. How Hannibal craved for common food and sweets, and tried to hide the Oreo smell on his breath after eating the whole package in the kitchen. How he left their bed in the mornings without making any sound because he felt sick, and how his scent was changing every day to something more spicy and fresh, new life blossoming inside his body.

Hannibal himself had become even more dangerous; the omega who used to hunt and kill once a month was now doing it twice a week, stuffing their fridge for the upcoming months. Even without wanting Will to notice, he was not being subtle because his body told him this was normal now. Three months since Hannibal knew and he couldn't see anything bad about their room filling with pillows, their closet overflowing with blankets, and their two fridges without space for more meat.

They were cleaning after hunting down a rude, chubby man who deliberately scratched their car in the parking lot after finding out they were a male couple, when Will decided to talk.

"Hannibal, we have enough food at home."

"But, it's not enough."

"Hannibal…"

The omega gasped, looking at his alpha's eyes, bright blue with a soft, knowing expression.

"You know."

"Of course I know."

"Since when?" Hannibal clasped his hands together, smearing some blood over his murder suit.

“Since the first month. As much as you tried to hide your morning sickness I can hear you, and smell you, and feel the change of your scent lingering over your skin, Hannibal.”

“I wanted to be sure.”

“And that’s why I haven’t talked about it before, but it’s been weeks and I want to share this with you Hannibal. You are my mate, I can feel your heart in mine.”

“She’s a girl.”

Will gasped, covering his mouth with his hands, not bothering about the blood or the mess. His eyes started to burn with the sweetest tears he had shed besides during their bonding and marriage. Knowing that the pregnancy was something real, confirmed by Hannibal, was completely different, was more real.

Hannibal hugged Will to comfort his alpha, who was clearly moved by the now-official news, rocking the alpha with his body and making their suits crinkle together.

“You have been nesting for so long, and I knew but I wasn’t sure until you said something,” Will said, kissing Hannibal over and over again, scenting him behind the clogging smell of dried blood and death on their hands.

Hannibal whined under the soft ministrations of his husband, softly starting to rut against him with needy grunts, grazing his fangs along Hannibal’s throat.

“We can’t here, let’s get home.”

Will understood, for the sake of their new tableau and their normal lives outside their murder thirst.

Both gathered themselves to get their stuff and clean the scene before leaving, their breaths rushing, every second drowning a little more in the sea of pheromones interacting between them.

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Inside the house both rushed to their bed to finally shed their plastic suits and other clothes before hitting the bed, their faces and hands still wearing little blood freckles of their kill.

They were two predators, getting onto the bed in a mess of rutting and thrusting erratically between fangs and nails, scratching and scenting their bonding marks until they nearly bled again.

Hannibal presented to his alpha, slick dripping down his legs, so ready to be knotted he trembled under Will’s gaze, soft whines and cries coming out of his mouth and chest, calling his alpha to take him.

“Wiiiiiillll, alphaaaaaa!”

Will opened him, parting his cheeks with his bloodied hands before pushing in, feeling the soft, plushy inside of his omega enveloping him completely, Will’s knot starting to swell with each desperate thrust in.

Will’s hands were now in a different position, one holding Hannibal’s back and the other softly enveloping his belly in a protective gesture, drawing a possessive growl from the deepest part of Will's ribcage, some kind of ancient call of protection and pride, warning every alpha and omega not to approach to his family.

Hannibal whined and moaned louder, feeling the knot trying to push in, his mind only focused on more of his alpha, more of his seed and strength.

Loving words spilled from their mouths when the knot set inside Hannibal, passing through the slicked hole, making both tense and release, Hannibal's insides clenching and milking every drop of seed his alpha could give him.

They slept tied by Will’s knot after three orgasms and a shower. The fun was just starting, again.

End Notes

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